

CLARA AND EMMELINE.

A

N O V E L.

(Price SIX SHILLINGS sewed.)

CLARA AND EMMELINE

NOVEL

(THIS SIX SERIALS RACE)

32f
K
CLARA AND EMMELINE;

3

OR, THE
MATERNAL BENEDICTION.

A
N O V E L
IN TWO VOLUMES.

I will place within them as a Guide
My Umpire, Conscience; whom if they will hear,
Light after Light, well used, they shall attain,
And to the End persisting, safe arrive.

MILTON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
LOUISA; OR, THE COTTAGE ON THE MOOR.

V O L. I.

Printed for G. KEARSLEY, at Johnson's Head,
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M,DCC,LXXXVIII.

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or THE COTTAGE ON THE MOOR, in Two Vols.
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6

A circular ink stamp from the British Museum, containing the text "MUSEUM BRITAN NICUM" in three lines.

P R E F A C E.

WHEN I first intended presenting *LOUISA* to the Public, I had a thousand fears — Alas ! thought I, when the eye of learning is cast over my poor Cottage, it will be thrown down in a moment. —

A Bookseller, eminent for the *quantity* of novels he publishes, yet more depressed me : He assured me, — but his own words may convey his meaning best. “ Madam, I have
“ read your novel : the first letters

a,

“ are

“ are much the best,” (it happened
 to be narrative.) “ Those things
 “ are very cheap—have burnt my
 “ fingers plaguely lately—The Re-
 “ viewers have played the D—l
 “ with me.” I retook my work,
 and for some months absolutely gave
 it up; at length mere chance took
 it to Mr. Kearsley; he offered me
 terms, which I did not refuse, and
 with a gentility that doubled the
 value—Sincerely happy am I that
 he did not burn *his* fingers, and not
 less happy and pleased to own, that
 I did not find the Gentlemen Re-
 viewers terrible, as described.—In
 the pleasure of the moment, I
 thought in future I should have no
 fears ;

fears; yet to own the truth, they are as strong as ever.—I have not severe judges to dread, but candid ones: then must not a woman fear who attempts the arduous task of writing? I have only one plea to offer; I would ever wish to place virtue in its deserved, brightest point of view. My pen shall never write a line that may injure the morals of the youngest, or most unexperienced, of my own sex. I will truly own, I shall be delighted if my CLARA and EMMELINE meet as many friends as LOUISA; should they fail, my heart will acquit me for the attempt.

A celebrated Actress produced three reasons for leaving her Bath friends ; now I have *five* as powerful *reasons* to induce me to write, beside a natural inclination for the employ. The weak and unprotected ever meet with favor from the generous and brave ; then be merciful to my CLARA and EMMELINE, and the already-conferred obligation will be doubled on a heart that (I thank Heaven) is susceptible of gratitude.

CLARA

CLARA AND EMMELINE.

MRS. WELFORD

TO

LADY ANNE DELANY.

Harley Street.

HOW many uneasy hours, my dear Lady Anne, does your charming correspondence alleviate ! Since I have learnt to disclose my griefs to you, methinks I feel them less : Sorrow that finds vent in

VOL. I.

B

words,

words, no longer preys so deeply on the spirits, nor rends so bitterly the throbbing heart—I can contemplate with satisfaction too, my friend, that tho' I am unhappy, 'twas a task imposed by a mistaken parent: had I rashly taken the man of my choice, perhaps the last breath of my father had not blessed me; yes, Anne, the last sound of his voice was a blessing on your Clara!—and shall not that reconcile me to my fate? My dearest mother too plainly evinced how highly she esteemed me in giving me the care of Emmeline. O, my friend! tho' to-day we quit the sable habiliments that were due to her memory, yet shall my heart

mourn;

mourn; and amidst the crowd of dissipation that surrounds me, look forward to the hour when we shall be again united.

The care of my sister, my dear Lady Anne, is heavy on my spirits; to her I have appeared not to observe, but am well convinced she loves Captain Buckley. O, heaven! must both sisters experience the same fate? surely no! I will protect her; she will observe her mother's last injunction to love and obey me as a parent. I will paint to her the danger of becoming the wife of a libertine, and she shall be happy in spite of herself—Captain Buckley is handsome,

and agreeable; with a cast of features (if I read them right) that he can model to what he pleases. When he speaks to her it is with the most insinuating softness, and frequently a half-suppressed sigh. Dangerous are the first sighs of love to an unexperienced heart.

She is gone to Sir Edward Conway's seat in Oxfordshire, with his sister Harriet. I was happy to send her from the presence of the captain. Sir Edward is amiable, she is, (without partiality) lovely; and I have the most flattering presages. The captain's character too is not totally unknown to her: her own
reason

reason shall combat for me, and enable her to vanquish so unhappy a prepossession.

You tell me Lord Ormond is returned home ; that he is still melancholy ; that he visits you often ; I trust the gentleness of my friend, joined to her amiable person, will steal his heart. A heart that truly esteems may soon love, and tho' it has felt for another, think it not less estimable : tis the heart of a man of honor, and will always be a desirable gift to a woman of virtue.

I fear Mr. Welford has lost considerably at Newmarket, as he seems

violently out of humour—would to heaven he had not such an unfortunate propensity to gaming. I cannot think what amusement men find in it! were I to judge by my own heart, I should be most unhappy to impair my fortune, and bring on difficulties which I should feel doubly by having deserved them; nor should I feel less in gaining the fortune of others. To bring sorrow on a helpless family; to rend a fond mother's heart by depriving her little ones of a future subsistence; while the wretched father, stung by the double pangs of want and remorse, cowardly ends his existence, because he has not fortitude to share the woes he has occasioned

occasioned—I protest I would not have the wealth of India on these terms—But what a subject am I got into!—My little Emma grows delightful; next month she will be four years old—I long for you to see her—pardon the partiality of a fond mother who cannot conclude without introducing her darling—I hope to see you soon in London—Winter will rob your charming villa of its beauties; for me, I shall see its approach with unconcern, as it will bring my dearest Lady Anne to town, a circumstance of the highest pleasure to

CLARA WELFORD.

MRS. WELFORD

TO

MISS GOWER.

My dearest Emmeline,

Harley Street.

THO' so short a time indulged
with your company, how sensibly do I feel your absence ! in how many endearing lights do I think of you—my sister ; nay, my *child*, by the command of the best of parents—yet, Emmeline, give me another appellation——Call me, know me, your friend—the love we feel for parents is mixed with awe ;
that

that we bear a sister, tho' sincere, does not always command our confidence; then believe me your open, unreserved friend. Have I a secret I could not repose in the bosom of Emmeline?—put in me an equal reliance—those charming spirits of yours are flown; you court solitude; and, if with tenderness I ask the cause, you blush—Tell me, Emmeline, has not love caused this disorder?—if you esteem, and are esteem'd, by a man of honor, why this apparent confusion?—if you harbour a misplaced passion, let me share your uneasiness. Have you a nearer, truer friend, than Clara? Open your heart to me;—fear not a

severe judge, you shall find a sympathizing sister. Perhaps the dissipated vortex in which we live might be disagreeable to you, used from your tenderest years to calm retirement. Believe me, my love, I by no means approve the bustle of fashion I am forced to endure—but 'tis the pleasure of Mr. Welford, and I obey. Adieu, my dear girl; my tenderest wishes wait on you, bestow the same on your

CLARA WELFORD.

MISS

MISS GOWER

TO

MRS. WELFORD.

My dearest Clara,

Conway Place.

IS it not strange that born of the same parents, for many years taught together, that you have acquired a strength of mind your Emmeline can only admire, but never reach?—Surely the difference between eighteen and twenty-four is not so material;—no, it is nature that bestowed fortitude on you; while I, alas! am destined to expe-

rience the extremity of female weakness. You tell me, you like not the dissipation in which you live—yet you obey Mr. Welford—you obey the man your father's commands forced you to accept, while your heart was devoted to another !

Though a long residence in Italy with my aunt prevented my being acquainted with the affairs of our family, yet I have heard, my Clara—If not too painful, shew me you think me worthy your confidence ; favor me with the recital of what past from my departure, to the time of my return :—By your example, my sister, I will try to learn that
difficult

difficult lesson, to conquer and forget.

I have a thousand compliments for you from the company here ; in what raptures does Harriet Conway speak of you ; with what elegance does she superintend her brother's house ! He, too, is extremely amiable, but too attentive to one, who has no ambition to ever sign herself any other than

EMMELINE GOWER.

CAPTAIN

CAPTAIN BUCKLEY

TO

CAPTAIN FREEMAN.

Pall Mall.

WHAT the devil, Charles, keeps you so long in the country? What new pursuit? Whether is it a grandmother or granddaughter thou art attempting to deceive?—one of those I'll be sworn, and in faith, you are right; for women from twenty to fifty, are too cunning to throw away a good fortune on a pretty fellow with a red coat.

But,

But, to surprise you at once, and to make you yield the palm of gallantry to me, know, I am in pursuit of a galleon, a thirty-thousand pounder! an angel, and, what's more, a sister of Mrs. Welford—Thou knowst I am partial to the family; viz., am friend to the husband—would be humble servant to the wife, (did not her frozen virtue forbid) and to the sister, am a dying lover—Now bless fortune, say I, for giving me a sentimental cast of features. Thou hast too brazen a face to succeed with the timid part of the sex; wert thou to attempt softness, the native impudence of thy looks would make it caricature—but for me, I sigh, look
down,

down, tremble, &c. &c., with the *naïveté* of a girl of sixteen—but *a propos*, you never saw Mrs. Welford—She is, beyond description, charming; her age twenty-four, in person Venus, in mind Minerva; yet Welford married her for fortune, love, on both sides, out of the question—Her heart, it was said, was bestowed on Lord Ormond; but her good father thought such a heart and hand too great a treasure for one mortal, so wisely gave the latter, and ten thousand pounds to Welford.

Yet this charming hypocrite plays at duty and obedience as prettily as if she did it by choice, and looks so
severely

severely, yet so beautifully virtuous, that a man must possess even ten times thy impudence to make simply *les doux yeux* at her.

And now for my fair Emmeline; she is about six years younger than her sister; tall and elegantly formed; her features regular, her eyes celestial blue, her hair the lightest brown, in short, she seems the bud, while Clara looks the full-blown rose——
Now this fair blossom Welford wishes to transplant into my garden. She is possessed of the same fortune as his wife, with the addition of twenty thousand pounds left by an aunt, who lately died in Italy, and
who

who brought her up since she was eight years old.

Welford, by the way, is devilish poor ; and, if our scheme is brought to bear, I am to present him with the moiety of her fortune—there is one thing plaguily against us, though I sincerely believe I have a friend in the citadel, the girl is confoundedly sentimental, and pays the utmost deference to her sister, to whom her mother bequeathed the care of her until she reached her twenty-first year.

Her consent, for all her obedience to Welford, I doubt I shall
never

never obtain ; for she has eyes which in spite of their softness, are keen and penetrating as lightning, and I shrewdly suspect that she has seen some of my tender glances, or the pretty novice has made her acquainted with my passion, as she has sent her to Sir Edward Conway's on a visit. But I must conclude, and hasten to dinner with Welford and his lovely Clara ; the only woman, *entre nous*, that ever gave an uneasy pang to the heart of

VALENTINE BUCKLEY.

MRS.

MRS. WELFORD

TO

MISS GOWER.

Harley Street.

WHAT a request do you make me, my Emmeline! you ask a recital of what past while you were in Italy. You ask me to confess my weakness, my partiality for one Heaven destined not for me.—Yet, will not my faults sleep in the bosom of friendship? will not my Emmeline then know me for her friend, when I disclose every
secret

secret of my heart? — The voice of friendship calms sorrow, soothes woe, and alleviates despair. — Then, Emmeline, your request shall be granted. From me you shall learn that painful lesson — to forget. — Yet do I not forget : the turbulence of love only is extinct, and from its ashes rises that phoenix friendship. The sight of Lord Ormond no longer, my Emmeline, causes emotion — if by chance we meet, methinks I see what Heaven denied — a brother. Paternal obedience first commanded, connubial duty demanded; and lastly, maternal love obliged me to learn the once-thought hard task : yet 'twas the task of duty, and the power.

power that imposed, supported me through it. Shall my sister, then, sink under a trivial calamity? I forgot (because fatal necessity obliged) a man of virtue, honor, and humanity! make one glorious effort, Emmeline; you have far less to conquer — pardon me, 'twas with pain I saw your partiality for Captain Buckley. Call reason to your aid, my sister; is he not a rake, a gambler, a — ? but peace; he is the friend of my husband; inseparable companions as they are, can I accuse one without the other? but though duty may command silence, affection will plead against the ruin of a sister; and a match with a libertine

bertine is ruin — pardon, my love, if like a skilful surgeon I probe the wound I wish to cure. Farewell; we have company; I must leave off writing, and the delightful care of my little Emma, (who is playing by my side) to join the gay throng assembled in the drawing room. I will write the promised narrative next post. Once more farewell; love and remember your

CLARA WELFORD.

MISS

MISS GOWER

. TO

MRS. WELFORD.

Conway Place.

WHAT a confession have you spared me, my sister! yet what pain does your last give! You say you see my partiality for a rake—a gambler—I flatter myself, Clara, your affection for me makes the faults of Captain Buckley appear more conspicuous; for I have ever before found you mild to the errors of others. I know you wish me
happy;

happy ; you fear to risque my future peace with a man, of whose merit you are doubtful—yet, Clara, have not some men of rather libertine principles become amiable husbands, and affectionate fathers ? do not infer from what I say that I think of the captain in that capacity ; no ; in every material incident of my life I will be guided by yourself.—Yet, my sister, I fear I esteem him ; I fear, because you do not approve. His want of fortune, I know, even to you, would be immaterial ; then permit me to hope time may cure the errors in his conduct. To shew I mean to have no concealment, I inclose a letter he sent me three days

VOL. I.

C

since.

since. Your amiable friend Harriet
waits for me—I must conclude.
Kiss my sweet Emma for me, Adieu.

EMMELINE GOWER.

CAPTAIN

CAPTAIN BUCKLEY

TO

MISS GOWER.

Pall Mall.

IT is only from goodness like yours, amiable Miss Gower, that I can hope for pardon. Your gentle heart feels for every one in distress; then permit me to entreat a small share of that pity you bestow on the unfortunate. — Before your return from Italy, happy in insensibility, my hours passed joyously — You, lovely Emmeline, have shook me

C 2

from

from the delirium ; you have forced me to feel what I owe myself, and you—waked from a tedious dream of riot, I look on you as my guardian angel ; yet how severe the reflection, that my youthful follies must plunge my life in bitterness ! Without fortune, dare I aspire to Miss Gower ?—Never. I may be miserable, but even love must not make me despicable : pardon then this trouble. Cruel necessity obliges me to say farewell ; to fly you, to see no more those lovely eyes whose slightest glance would make me forget every resolution I have formed—Your charming sister, sensible of my presumption, sends you to Sir

Edward

Edward Conway's ; happy man !
 he may look on Emmeline ; he has
 fortune and birth, while I have
 only—love—Pardon me, Madam,
 my mind is disturbed ; the purport
 of this was only to wish you happy,
 and bid you farewell ; believe me,
 to say adieu, is the most painful
 sensation that can be ever felt by

VALENTINE BUCKLEY.

C 3 MRS.

MRS. WELFORD

to

MISS GOWER.

Harley Street.

WHAT words can I find, my
much-loved sister, to thank
you for your Confidence? You know
me then your friend; charming
idea!—the ties of blood, doubly
bound by the enchanting knot of
friendship—You send me your
lover's letter; you tell me in your
own, “ I judge harshly; that men
“ of libertine principles have some-
“ times

“ times made amiable husbands and
 “ affectionate fathers.”

Excuse me, Emmeline, if I think never ! A mind thoroughly vitiated can never regain its original purity—I have, indeed, frequently heard the light, unthinking part of our sex exclaim, “ Reformed rakes
 “ make the best husbands.” Monstrous vanity ! to think we possess more powerful charms than the many they have deceived—The innocent, my love, are not likely to retain their volatile hearts: the bold, who can share their riots, may have some hold on them ; but modesty, that shrinks at midnight revels, and
 dies

dies at the shadow of shame, will be always too troublesome a companion to be pleasing.—Again you say, “ Time may cure the errors of his conduct.” Habitual virtue increases with age; alas! I fear vice does the same; and the fault of youth will be the sin of age—O,—Emmeline, see in me a parent, friend and sister. A dying mother gave me the first title; your own heart shall give me the second; and nature stamps the third.—Then shall my Emmeline, untold, experience the horrors of a libertine’s wife? Shall she alone count the long-told midnight hour, or the still more dismal note of morn, in vain expectant of
a wretch’s

a wretch's return?—Must she contemplate an infant's face while her heart trembles for its fire; or press a cherub to her breast while she blushes for the author of its being?—Could I have my wish, my beloved sister should be united to one of untainted morals; who, on a nearer acquaintance, should become more estimable: whose good qualities should daily develope; not one, who, like a flash of lightning, should instantly evaporate and leave a pestilential breath behind, to poison love and embitter every future promised hour of happiness.—I am by no means pleased at matches made suddenly by immoderate love: without

a knowledge of disposition there cannot be esteem ; people of very different tempers, in an hour of gaiety, may be violently smitten with each other ; but when time removes the mask, the gay will seek the gay—and the serious be left to contemplate alone. A marriage, on the contrary, which commences in esteem, is far more likely to be happy—Friendship, in the beginning, may easily become a softer sensation ; for we cannot esteem without some portion of love ; but, I fear, we may sometimes love where it is impossible for us to respect : though time, reason, and virtue will always enable us to conquer what is repugnant

repugnant to honor—But enough of this ungrateful subject. I promised you my narrative, but must delay till next post: farewell, my Emmeline; tell Harriet I long to feel the friendly pressure of her arm. Alas! a glare of lights, the gaiety of dress, and compliments of fools, are not suited to the disposition of your Clara; and I think of your sweet retirement with a sigh, yet not a sigh of envy; it is only an emotion of the heart which we feel when we think on those we love, and wish to meet. Adieu.

CLARA WELFORD.

L O R D O R M O N D

T O

S I R E D W A R D C O N W A Y .

St. James's Place.

WELL, Conway, I have followed your advice; I have made the tour of Europe, travelled through my own country, shared every amusement—that is, have seen folly in ten thousand shapes—in short, what have I not done that you advised?—why, I have not yet forgotten my Clara.—Good heavens! do I say my Clara? Alas! she

she is Welford's Clara—Pardon me, Edward, you only know the disorder of my soul. Though conscious of my fault, I still love, and ever must—O! can I forget the rapturous time she loved? Then shall your cool prudence dictate? for the sake of prolonging a vain title, shall I give my hand while my heart is wedded to another?—You tell me Emmeline is with you, that she is handsomer than her sister, O! Edward, you surely never considered her attentively. Clara's soul illuminates her eyes, and on her brow sits the benignity of an angel on a visit of mercy and compassion—her little one too, what a cherub—but

avaunt

avaunt, busy reflection ; I have got on a subject which I must not pursue. — My horses wait, I will ride and try to lose the thought. — Vain attempt ! the image of Clara can never quit the heart of

HENRY ORMOND.

MRS.

MRS. WELFORD

TO

MISS GOWER.

My dearest sister,

Harley Street.

I SIT down to perform my promise, to give you an account how the years were spent while you were abroad — Alas ! Emmeline, yourself must remember our parting ; you were then my little scholar ; my age of fourteen, contrasted to your eight, gave me the superiority of a teacher ; and many tears did parting with your governess, as
you

you then called me, occasion—I felt our separation equally, and, had not the respect I bore my revered mother prevented, should have scarcely kept it within bounds : for, alas, if a tear trembled in my eye its sympathizing fellow rolled down her maternal cheek ; fearful then of increasing her pain, I suppressed my own ; I spoke of your absence as the most fortunate circumstance as to improvement, and increase of fortune ; for my aunt always promised an addition to yours, as you were her namesake and god-daughter—My father, perhaps ashamed of appearing concerned, treated our grief as ridiculous. Alas ! the sternness
of

of his temper was ill opposed to the extreme gentleness of my mother's, and she was obliged to conceal her feelings or meet his anger.—The letters we received from our aunt restored my mother's tranquillity. She spoke of you as happy, and we soon became what we had before only appeared to be, resigned to your absence.

I shall pass over four years, during which nothing material happened. About the expiration of which time my mother and self went to reside for some months at a small house we had on the borders of Hampshire Forest. You know I
am

am fond of walking, and my mother constantly forced me out, as she thought it conducive to my health—Surely, my Emmeline, nature never designed me for a fine lady ; for I prefer contemplating the starry firmament to an illuminated birth-night ball room ; and would sooner see the beautiful burst of morn through the sober gray, than repose myself on a bed of down after the fatigue of a masquerade, to dream of suppliant peers, and rejected coronets.

In one of my morning walks, a poor woman lay on the ground, an infant on her breast ; alas ! she had

sunk from fatigue and want. I spoke
 to her — I took the infant — I at-
 tempted to raise her, but in vain :
 I then sat on the ground, chafed her
 temples, and applied my salts, by
 the help of which she revived. — I
 was so lost in my cares for her, that
 I did not perceive a young gentle-
 man that had some minutes obser-
 ved us ; he approached ; he offered
 his service ; he offered it in a manner,
 Emmeline, which I could not re-
 fuse, and the cause of humanity
 brought us instantly acquainted. I
 carried the little one, he raised and
 gently led the mother ; in this man-
 ner we reached home : few words
 made my mother acquainted with
 the

the business, who ordered care to be taken of our charge; we then, accompanied by Lord Selby, (for so was my assistant called) sat down to breakfast, during which, he told us he was our neighbour, the only son of the Earl of Ormond. To give you some little idea of his person, he was then turned of twenty; tall and genteel, his eyes alternately soft and commanding; and though features are not always an index to the mind, yet his bespeak what he amply possesses, honour, humanity, and virtue—Should not I, think you, my Emmeline, cause a laugh at my own table were I to class the two last mentioned as desirable in a man?

man? Humanity would be stiled ef-
 feminacy, and virtue want of spirit.
 There are some whose ideas of ho-
 nor are totally different from mine.
 My thoughts paint it as bringing
 mortals to a semblance of the Deity
 —it protects the weak, soothes the
 afflicted, and guards the innocent—
 Modern honour is above the weak,
 is too lofty to condescend to soothe
 the afflicted: and they must have a
 better opinion of it than I have to
 make it the guardian of innocence—
 So much for the counterfeit, while
 the reality is the noblest and most
 distinguished gift of Heaven.

But

But to continue my story methodically, Lord Selby entreated permission to visit us sometimes : my mother acquiesced, and he was a frequent visitor ; his father (I suppose by his entreaty) likewise, honoured us with his company ; there was something in his manner totally different from his son ; he ever made me feel that he was an Earl, and I only the daughter of a commoner. — I will own to you that Lord Selby paid me a thousand little attentions that were both flattering and pleasing ; and the day was long and tedious if he chanced not to call.

The

The person I found with the child in the road was the widow of a Serjeant journeying to her friends, and at the time I met with her could reach no farther, but sunk from want and fatigue; as her friends were likewise poor, we settled her, on her recovery, in a snug cottage, where she soon procured a little school: Lord Selby was generous to her in the extreme; in one of my evening walks I called on her, as was frequently my custom; to my surprise, Lord Selby was there—Her little Jenny held her innocent arms to me; the action pleased me; I took and kissed her again—With infantile fondness she reached
her

her arms to Lord Selby ; he caught her from me ; he pressed her to his bosom, and kissed the same cheek with rapture. Why did I blush, Emmeline ? for indeed I felt an unusual suffusion, which was trebly augmented by Lord Selby's raising his expressive eyes and fixing them on mine — Soon after I bid Davis (the poor woman) farewell. Lord Selby would accompany me home. For the first time I could have dispensed with his company, though I could not refuse it—on our way he said a thousand things far from displeasing ; alas ! Emmeline, a declaration of love from the man we esteem must be pleasing—he told me,
with

with a frankness that made the offer of his heart still more acceptable, that his father had' designed a match for him with Lady Anne Delany, but that he had refused it before he saw me, as he was determined, if ever he married, his heart should accompany his hand.—To say the truth, Emmeline, I neither accepted nor refused this offered heart—I was perplexed, confused, agitated, and almost unable to answer.—Lord Selby left me as soon as we reached home: I flew to my mother, and, concealing my glowing face on her bosom, acquainted her with what had passed. She was delighted to find I had such confidence in her;

she soothed my mind to peace ; she
 entreated me not to give way to love,
 “ As,” said she, “ it is not to be
 “ supposed Lord Ormond will easily
 “ give up the intended match for
 “ his son. Lady Anne’s friends are
 “ noble, her fortune large, and
 “ herself extremely amiable ; and
 “ though you have neither of the
 “ former advantages, I am sure
 “ your father would not marry you
 “ to a prince were you received by
 “ any of the family with repug-
 “ nance.” I heard my mother say,
 with unconcern, that Lady Anne’s
 family was noble, and fortune large ;
 but I felt a most disagreeable sensa-
 tion when she spoke of her as ex-
 tremely

tremely amiable. — I have since thought it was envy; for on quitting her, I wept with bitterness. Alas, said I, Lord Selby will love her; fortune, family, beauty, all conspire, and any little prepossession he may have for me, will vanish at sight of her. — His father will command, the lady's beauty will plead, and he will forget one, who, had she all those advantages ten fold, could love only him. — First impressions, my Emmeline, are often romantic. — I thought I could not exist if Lord Selby ceased to love me; and what I then thought would be the severest blow of fate, would now give me the truest delight. —

Yes, Emmeline, I should see him with pleasure united to Lady Anne. She is really as amiable as my mother represented—But to proceed: Lord Selby visited us the next day as usual; his father was gone, for a few days, to town—Then, Emmeline, he repeated to my mother what he had before said to me; he sought no disguise; he owned his father's views; he declared his own; he vowed his heart was mine; that he could love no other—My mother entreated him to consider the duty he owed his father, Lady Anne's amiable qualities, and a thousand other reasons that made it requisite he should forget me.—She related

related this discourse to me; I was not present; alas! I thought she had said too much — and fearful of shewing my weakness in her presence, entreated her permission to walk. She consented; my steps instinctively led me to the spot where I first met Lord Selby. I contemplated it with pleasure—near this place he likewise told me he loved me. Alas! how very material are trifles when we love.—I sat on the ground, and, to borrow an expression from our immortal bard, saw him “ In my mind’s eye.” — Methought I heard his persuasive voice; the offer of his heart vibrated in my ears; his elegant form, stooping to

raise poor Davis, swam before my sight, and overcome by the multiplicity of ideas, I involuntarily uttered the name of " Lady Ann Delany : " the exclamation shook me from my reverie; and raising my eyes, drowned in tears, no longer the pictured image of Lord Selby stood beside me, but himself—Yes, Emmeline, he was witness to my tears, and heard an exclamation that plainly shewed what was passing in my breast. Overcome with shame, my head sunk on my bosom, and my feelings, extended even to agony, were relieved by insensibility. On awaking from which, I found myself supported by Lord Selby, his
 eyes

eyes fixed on me with inexpressive tenderness: my head again fell on his shoulder, his lips touched my cheek; I instantly was sensible of the impropriety of my situation, and made an effort to rise; Lord Selby assisted me; he entreated my pardon—Alas! Emmeline, I ill counterfeited an anger I did not feel. We walked slowly home; Lord Selby's voice, if he spoke, disconcerted me; if I found his eye bent on me, it covered me with blushes. Thus then we reached my mother; my confusion was not lost on her; for the first time of my life I could have wished her not to know what passed in my breast; but, on Lord Selby's

departure, she asked me, with that enchanting tenderness that ever accompanied her requests, what had disordered me? I could not add falsehood to weakness, and disclosed the whole truth. She condemned herself for permitting me to walk alone; she entreated me to have more fortitude, nor suffer myself to be born away by a passion which might stamp my future life with misery.—She owned Lord Selby extremely amiable, but Lord Ormond's views, my father's pride, (she softened the word, Emmeline,) would ever be unsurmountable obstacles——

Our

Our discourse was here interrupted by the unexpected arrival of a post chaise and four, which contained my father and a strange gentleman. My mother hastened to welcome them; but, my face marked with confusion and eyes suffused with tears, I thought best concealed in my own apartment; and I saw not my father until supper time. My mother said I had an extreme pain in my head, and so excused my attendance. On coming down, he spoke to me with more gentleness than usual; he presented me to the stranger, saying, “Welford, this is “my Clara.” Alas! Emmeline, it was Mr. Welford; it was the

man who was to rend afunder two hearts devoted to each other. — It was his fate to receive a hand, while the recreant heart was full of, and every pulse beat in unison to, the name of Selby. — Yet, what dare I say ! Welford is my husband, the father of my Emma, and the future disposer of my fate and life ; a life I could with pleasure relinquish, were not the welfare of Emma woven in my existence. — Where would she find a mother ? surely in my Emmeline — I cannot proceed — in a few days I will send the rest of my narrative. Adieu.

CLARA WELFORD.

CAPTAIN

CAPTAIN BUCKLEY

TO

CAPTAIN FREEMAN.

Pall Mall.

WELL, Freeman, *me voila per-*
due ; Emmeline in the coun-
try ; the lovely Clara, cold, distant,
and formally complaisant ; and her
charming eyes, if they chance to
glance on me, seem to say, “ you
“ are known to me.” May I never
hold the box at hazard, and may I
ever bet on the losing poney, if I
would not forego cards, dice, &c..

D 6

&c, to

&c. to gain this disdainful angel's love. But as that is impossible, I must wed Emmeline; her fortune will pay my debts and enable me to make a bold push among the black legs, and herself will serve to sit with credit at the head of my table, regulate the servants, discharge my tradesmen's bills, (when she has money) and soothe my vexation when I have had a bad run at play—I wrote her a letter in the dying strain last week. What gudgeons are women to swallow such naked baits! tender souls, they cannot bear us to suffer on their account; a little well-timed flattery on either their persons or understandings

standings will always soften their hearts, and dispose them to pity.

By the way, I never laughed heartier than on reading over the confounded sentimental nonsense I sent her; poor girl! she will find out one of these days, it was all words of course, French plate—silver to cover brass—But if she marries me, what right will she have to complain;—am I not a man of the town; a gay fellow, vulgarly cyled, a rake; and does she not know all this? Though by the way, in my epistle to her, I lament my past follies, and am quite repentant. The girl must have an excellent opinion
of

of her own charms, if she thinks they have wrought such a wonderful reformation.

Welford's affairs grow worse and worse ; he is impatient for Emmeline to come to town ; he thinks we might then gain our point. He mentioned her yesterday to Clara, she answered, her sister was so happy at Sir Edward's, that she could not think of sending for her, he frowned, cried, " pish," and struck little Emma, who was climbing on his knee to kiss him. Clara's eyes for a moment spoke indignation, but instantly a half-suppressed tear extinguished

extinguished the spark, and they resumed their native softness.

It was a strange whim of Mrs. Gower to leave Emmeline in the care of Clara ; but she had such an opinion of her prudence, by subduing her passion for Lord Ormond, and giving her hand to Welford, that she preferred her to every other. If Emmeline marries with the approbation of Clara, she immediately receives ten thousand pounds left by her mother ; and a sum of twenty thousand, by her aunt, at the age of twenty one—If she marries without Mrs. Welford's approbation their aunt's bequest is the same, but her
mother's

mother's, then, belongs to her children, should she chance to have any, in failure of which, to those of Clara. Now I hate provision for the future, so would willingly gain Mrs. Welford's consent ; as at present ten thousand would be very useful ; if I fail, I can at worst raise money on my expectancies, so must have the wife though I wait three years for the fortune—You now know exactly how I am situated—My heart promises me success ; Emmeline is gentle, mild, and totally unacquainted with the world. The silly thing, I dare say, thinks men mean all they say—If she does not come to town soon, I will go in-

to

to the country : rural walks, pur-
ling streams, melodious birds, will
all forward my passion. I will take
her by surprise, without her female
Mentor at her elbow, pop her into
a chaise and away for the land of
marriage. Welford is not so hasty ;
he swears Clara shall consent : of
that however I doubt. Drink suc-
cess in a bumper to your friend

VALENTINE BUCKLEY.

MRS.

MRS. WELFORD

TO

MISS GOWER.

Harley Street:

I Resume my task, my dear sister—
I open to you my whole heart ;
do not, while you blush for its foibles, cast it from you ; alas ! it needs
the soothing voice of friendship.

My father had introduced Mr.
Welford to my mother, as his particular friend. He was indeed the
son of an old acquaintance, and not
long

long come from abroad ; he was young, handsome, and sprightly ; and possessed all those graces which are said to be a recommendation to our sex ; but to me, the evening was the most unpleasant I had passed. Lord Selby perpetually haunted my memory, and Mr. Welford's gaiety with rather an endeavour to be attentive, made him disagreeable, and happy was I when I retired to my chamber.

Early in the morning, my maid came to inform me my father wished to see me—I dressed myself, and went to the parlour—my father, as the night before, received me without

ut his usual sternness. After some
 little discourse, "Clara," said he,
 "what think you of our visitor?
 "is he not a very agreeable man?
 "He has a clear estate of two thou-
 "sand pounds a year; he does me
 "the honor to wish himself my
 "son-in-law, and I desire you would
 "receive him as the man I design
 "for your husband"—Picture to
 yourself my situation, Emmeline;
 surprize deprived me of utterance,
 I gasped for breath: ever used to
 pay the strictest obedience to my
 father's commands, my spirits could
 not bear the conflict; I fainted and
 fell at his feet—on reviving, I found
 myself on the sofa, my maid with
 drops

drops on one side, my father on the other, who, as soon as he saw me rather recovered, ordered the servant to leave the room. He did not give me time to speak, but said “ if I “ understand this confusion right, “ you dislike my offer, Clara; but “ beware ! I will not have my project broken by a girl ; I have “ this time stooped to ask—the next “ I command, and will be obeyed.”

I threw myself from the sofa on my knees, but, casting on me a look of rage, he hastily left the room. In this situation my mother found me; he had already acquainted her with his purpose : she joined her
tear

tears with mine. Alas ! she feared his anger still more than myself. She entreated me to go to the breakfast table—Heaven knows with difficulty I obeyed ; I could not meet my father's looks without trembling, nor those of Welford without horror. My father spoke little during breakfast, at the conclusion of which, he arose, and desired my mother to accompany him, and give her opinion of some alterations he intended making in the grounds. I involuntarily caught hold of her gown, but a look from my father unloosed my hand, and they left us.

Mr.

Mr. Welford began the discourse without taking the least notice of my dissatisfaction, he swore he loved me, nay had long loved me, though he had followed me unknown. This declaration made him still more disagreeable, as I knew it false; and I could only answer with tears—Thus situated were we, when the servant announced Lord Selby, who instantly entered, and asked of my health, with a tenderness he could not disguise; while his eyes, those expressive, but silent monitors, were alternately fixed on Welford and myself.

A long silence ensued, which was broken by Lord Selby's informing
me

me his father was returned from town the evening before ; and that he had brought company home with him ; that he intended to send us an invitation for the day following. My father came in just after ; my mother had told him we were acquainted, and by what means. He received Lord Selby with great civility, and promised that himself and friend Welford would accompany us ; he soon after took his leave, and we retired to dress ; which ceremony was hardly finished before the servant brought me a letter ; as well as I can remember something like the following.

Madam,

Madam,

As I could not find an opportunity of speaking to you this morning, I take the liberty of writing to inform you who are our guests:—Lady Ferrere, and her neice, Lady Anne Delany. My father brought them down yesterday; had I been apprized of his intention, I would have saved him the trouble, as my heart must be ever yours—I will avow my intention to him to-morrow; he will not wish his only son miserable; and with any other than Miss Gower I must be so—Pardon the liberty I take; but had you seen Lady Anne without this, you might have thought I acquiesced, and I

VOL. I.

E

would

would not suffer a moment in your opinion for an empire—Excuse me if I say the sight of a stranger with you to-day has given me pain—O, Clara, sure I am not destined to lose you? I cannot endure the thought, it is worse than torture, for the hour that deprives me of you must end the life of

HENRY SELBY.

I must own I was not sorry at the receipt of this; had I been surprized with the sight of Lady Anne, it would violently have confused me. I took my mother the letter; she said it was necessary my father should be acquainted with it; I entreated her

her not, I trembled at the thought. She then promised to let the following day pass—we went down to dinner, and the day was spent more agreeably than I expected, as I was not left alone with Mr. Welford.

I would have given worlds had I possessed them to have avoided going to Lord Ormond's—but what excuse could I make?—besides, I wanted to see the much-dreaded Lady Anne. I perhaps wished to find her not so handsome as described; in short, we arrived at Lord Ormond's. His Lordship introduced us to the ladies; you will smile, Emmeline, when I tell you I found

Lady Anne so very charming, that it was almost impossible to look on her without admiration. She is about the middle size ; very genteel ; her face rather oval ; her eyes black and animated ; her complexion beautifully fair ; her hair, a bright brown ; while her lips and cheeks, seem foils to set off each other's beauty.

She received us with the most enchanting vivacity, saying as Lord Ormond presented me, “ I thank
 “ you, my lord, for this lovely ac-
 “ quaintance ; for though I have
 “ told you I will not love your son,
 “ I faithfully promise to love your
 “ son's

“son’s friend; for they tell me,” continued she, taking my hand, “you and Lord Selby formed acquaintance first.” I know not what answer I made, I was so confused; her gaiety had totally disconcerted me; but the immediate entrance of dinner relieved me extremely, as the conversation became general.

Lord Selby was gay to the extreme, a circumstance that not a little discomposed me. My father had some slight knowledge of Lord Ormond, but Mr. Welford was totally unacquainted.

After dinner, Lady Anne started up with her usual gaiety; “ I have
 “ thought of a most excellent plan,”
 said she, “ if you will excuse the
 “ liberty I take ; your lordship,
 “ Mr. and Mrs. Gower and my
 “ aunt, will make a most excellent
 “ party for quadrille, while Miss
 “ Gower, myself, and those two
 “ gentlemen take a tour round the
 “ park. ” The quadrille party
 agreed, and we set out immediately.
 Mr. Welford offered me his arm,
 “ O, no ; ” said Lady Anne, “ I
 “ wont allow that ;—I wish to have
 “ ten minutes discourse with this
 “ new blushing acquaintance of
 “ mine, and for that purpose I com-
 “ mand

“mand you,” addressing Lord
 Selby, “as my knight, to march
 “on : exert your power, Miss
 “Gower ; they will both obey—
 “Come, march.”—“Well, for
 “ten minutes we agree,” said
 Welford, laughing, and looking at
 his watch. The gentlemen walked
 on a little. I must own Lady
 Anne’s conduct surprized me ; but
 I was too timid to ask an explanation.

When they were out of hearing,
 “well,” said she, “what punish-
 “ment do you think you deserve
 “for robbing me of my intended
 “lover ? nay, never blush ;—’tis
 “very true, the rogue has confessed.

“ it himself, and I am to be sent
“ back like a bale of damaged goods.
“ I’ll change my hairdresser, dis-
“ charge my milliner, and break
“ my looking-glass in revenge for
“ such an insult.”

Seeing me confused and unable
to answer, she immediately became
more serious: “ well,” said she,
“ not to teize you, I will inform
“ you, my dear Miss Gower, of
“ all this. You must know, I
“ never had, though it has long
“ been proposed, an idea of being
“ Lady Selby. My heart has long
“ been given to one, who had only
“ honor and misfortunes to recom-
“ mend

“ mend him to my notice ; but the
 “ story is too long to tell now ;
 “ suffice it, I came here to oblige
 “ Lady Ferrere ; indeed how could
 “ I refuse ? Lord Selby and myself
 “ are cousins, though I have long
 “ since told Lord Ormond we
 “ should never be nearer relations
 “ — my fortune is large, and in
 “ my own power when I come of
 “ age (my parents being both dead)
 “ and in the grand affair of matri-
 “ mony I certainly shall consult my
 “ heart. Lord Selby seemed abso-
 “ lutely petrified on my arrival,
 “ and the first time we were alone,
 “ after stammering out a thousand
 “ apologies, told me his was devoted

“ to you. I behaved with the same
 “ frankness, and as he is much de-
 “ pendant on his father, agreed the
 “ refusal should come from me—
 “ now,” continued she, resuming
 her gaiety, “ give me a friendly
 “ kiss, or, as cousin Harry is a
 “ pretty fellow, I will yet dispute
 “ the point with you.” So saying,
 she threw her arms round me with
 the most enchanting vivacity. I
 hardly knew what answer I made
 her, my thoughts were so confused.
 In my life I was never so sensible of
 my inferiority : for though my
 mother had said she was very amia-
 ble, I pictured her to myself so dif-
 ferent from what she really was,
 that

that I absolutely blushed at the recollection ; and trembling raised her hand to my lips, but, snatching it from me, she exclaimed, “ O, no, “ it was a kiss of friendship, not “ of ceremony I asked, and the “ bond of peace between us.” At this moment the gentlemen had reached the end of the walk, and were turned to meet us, Lord Selby’s eyes seemed to express he knew what had passed, and we walked on together tolerably cheerful.

On our return home, the party were still at cards, and continued so till supper time, after which we returned home. The next morn-

ing after breakfast I was again left alone with Mr. Welford ; his conversation was much as before ; I, however, assumed courage enough to entreat him to desist addressing me, as I had no wish of altering my situation. He bit his lips at the declaration ; and seemed with difficulty to conquer his displeasure ; but told me, his happiness was too nearly interested to give me up coolly. As we were talking, Lord Ormond's carriage stopped at the gate, and his lordship stepped out alone. It seems he had a long conference with my father, the purport of which was, that the evening before on our departure, Lord Selby had informed

him.

him of his partiality for me; had intreated his lordship's permission to address me, and likewise begged him to use his influence with my father. Lord Ormond's favourite project of uniting his son with Lady Anne, thus broken, he could not suppress his rage, but vowed in case he did not consent to his views, he would impoverish the estate, and leave him only an empty title. Lord Ormond acquainted my father with this himself, after which, with many compliments, he said, had not he engaged his son to Lady Annie, he should have been very happy in his alliance, but as things were situated, it was impossible he could ever consent.

sent ; and, therefore, thought his honour concerned in acquainting him, as he feared both our hearts were farther engaged than they were aware. My father assured Lord Ormond the affair was quite new to him, and informed him he had brought Mr. Welford down to address me ; nay more, that I should consent, or be no more regarded by him as a daughter.

As soon as he was gone, my father went to my mother's apartment ; he told her what had passed. Stranger to disguise, with many a softening excuse for me, she related the part she knew of the affair : she
tried.

tried to dispose my father to pity ;
 by which, alas, she turned an equal
 share of anger on herself. His rage
 was inexpressible ; he called her an
 abettor in my disgrace ; (such he
 termed it) and vowed to forego every
 tender tie that existed between them,
 unless I retrieved her and my own
 honor by an immediate union with
 Mr. Welford. After this he sent
 for me : O ! Emmeline, it is im-
 possible to paint his face, or describe
 his emotion : his pride (pardon the
 term) had met so severe a blow ; a
 confusion of passions seemed con-
 tending on his visage, and actually
 on my entrance he raised his hand.
 My mother screamed, unknowing
 my

my fault; but shocked at the action, I dropped on my knees. O, my sister, what a scene ensued! he upbraided me in a manner too horrid to repeat, with endeavouring to force myself into a family that despised me; with holding a clandestine correspondence that was a stain on my own honor, and an everlasting disgrace to my family. My mother again unfortunately tried to sooth him; she caught him by the arm; she entreated his pity for me, his pardon for us both. O, Emmeline, why do I live to relate it; for me, I was the occasion, the wretched cause; he shook her from him; my dear, my ever revered, my honored parent

parent, fell on the ground ! alas, at this distance of time, the thought raises the most excruciating agony : suffice it to tell you, nature could not bear the sight, and my hands unloosed from their supplicating posture ; my eyes refused to see the perpetrator of an action so very heinous ; for an instant he swam before my sight, and the moment after all was oblivion ; I fainted and sunk on the floor : in this situation he left us. When I came to myself I found my mother weeping over me with bitterness ; but hiding, as much as possible, her tears. As I rev'ed, she entreated me to compose my spirits, and, if possible, obey

obey my father, whose anger, she said, was just. That, for herself, she sincerely pitied me; as she looked on herself as very blameable throughout the whole affair; and, indeed, unpardonable in concealing it a moment from my father. — A melancholy day ensued, which we passed alone, as neither were able to attend dinner. In the evening my father did not, as usual, come to her apartment; but slept in one that used to be reserved for visitors. I would not quit her; I looked on myself as the cause of all this confusion, and wept without intermission the whole night.

Early

Early in the morning the maid brought a letter for my mother ; I believe I can nearly recollect it.

Madam,

When a wife joins with a daughter in endeavouring to disgrace her family ; or, at least, weakly conceals her imprudence, 'tis time a man tenacious of his honor, should suffer it no longer to be in their keeping. Your darling daughter, madam, has subjected herself to being refused by Lord Ormond ; a blow, which to a woman of proper pride and real delicacy, would be worse than death.— The chaise will be at the gate in two hours, at which time yourself
and

and her are to set out for the house at Hampton. Lord Ormond shall see I value my honor as highly as himself. Before your departure I expect your word that Clara neither sees, nor holds any correspondence with Lord Selby, as you value my favor; which, however, can never be regained, but by her receiving Mr. Welford in the manner I wish: in that case, I may excuse the follies past; without it, you have no husband, she no father in

CLEMENT GOWER.

My mother read the letter with an affected composure, though her trembling hands and alternate
changes

changes of countenance shewed the conflict was hard to maintain. "He shall see then," said she, "that we have not forgot obedience; come, Clara, exert yourself; give the promise your father demands in respect to Lord Selby; duty requires it — obey." Alas, Emmeline, I was silent; my eyes bent on the ground; it seemed impossible to renounce Lord Selby.

My mother fixed her eyes on me with tenderness; "Good Heaven," said she, "do you refuse? do you wish me more miserable? if you value my life, give the promise he demands, for my sake. I will
" never

“ never press you to marry a man
 “ contrary to your inclination, but
 “ every duty requires you should
 “ not think of one repugnant to
 “ your father; nay, of one by
 “ whose parent you are also refused.”

O, Emmeline, could I hear her sue?
 could I bear to see her unhappy?
 without hardly knowing what I did,
 I snatched up a pen, and wrote——

“ I promise neither to see nor hear
 “ from Lord Selby without the
 “ consent of my father.

“ CLARA GOWER.”

My tears, as I wrote, almost
 effaced the name of Selby; my mo-
 ther would have had me write it
 again

again ; but in the idea of giving up Lord Selby, my father's anger was no more remembered ; it seemed as if I had given up every thing I wished to exist for, and the future was immaterial — “ No, Madam,” said I, “ let my father take it as it is : to you he owes it, and let those tears (though they meet his anger) witness the sacrifice I make, and the agonies I suffer.” She pressed me no more, but inclosed my promise in a few lines from herself ; which sealing, she sent him by a servant. Five minutes after, he entered the room ; his face had lost its rage, but not its severity : he thanked my mother coolly for her compliance of
going

going immediately to Hampton, but did not deign to bend his eyes on me. "If your daughter, Madam," said he, "returns to her duty, we may meet with more harmony; in the mean time, we must part: if she has that affection for you your imprudent fondness deserves, our separation will be of short continuance. Farewell, we meet no more till then." My mother, absolutely unable to speak, held him her hand; but he either did not, or would not see it, and hastily quitted the room.—She still appeared composed, nay entreated me to dry my tears, and prepare for my departure, as the chaise was already at the door.

She

She then arose to go down, and with trembling limbs and aching hearts we entered it. We travelled all day; though I could not but see it was with the utmost difficulty my mother supported the fatigue, yet did not a murmur escape her lips. On the second day we arrived at Hampton: my dear mother entreated to go to bed; she seemed so exceedingly ill, that I insisted on sending for a physician. He said he found her affected in the most alarming manner: her pulse was languid, her eyes fixed, and, on the night following, she was violently convulsed.—O, Emmeline, I cannot paint my feelings; I never left her a whole

VOL. I.

F

fortnight,

fortnight, during which time I was a stranger to sleep, but what exhausted nature sometimes forced for a few minutes by her side. Repeated letters did I write to my father, who did not deign to come himself, or send me an answer. At length, however, the convulsions left her, and I had a glimmering of hope. At this interval, to my utter amazement, I received a letter by the post; I had so great a regard to my word, that I paused a moment before I opened it, for fear it should come from Lord Selby; nay, I even drew his former letter from my pocket book, and compared the hands, which finding totally different, I instantly

stantly opened, and found the following from Lady Anne Delany.

My dearest Clara,

Though an acquaintance but of three weeks, I flatter myself you will not reject my offered friendship. I have repeatedly inquired where you were, but could not learn until three days since. — Lord Ormond and his son are gone for a short time to Paris; they set out a week since. Lord Ormond is ill (though, for my own part, I believe it only pretence) as I really think my poor cousin Harry much worse: a paper which Mr. Gower sent to Lord Ormond I believe to be the cause of

his disorder, in which you promise
neither to see nor hear from him
without the consent of your father.

Good Heaven, my dear Clara, I
think you love him ; then do not
give him such reason to despair.—

On Lord Ormond's shewing him
your written promise, he said, " And
" has Mr. Gower sent this to your
" Lordship? it is but just you should
" hear my promise, nay, my firm
" resolve, in return." He then
said, " I swear by all my hopes of
" happiness, and by that power in
" whom I trust, that I will never
" marry any woman but Clara
" Gower ; which, if I do not, I
" will break the boasted line, by
" being

“ being the last that bears the
 “ name of Selby.” Notwithstanding
 all this, my dear Clara, Lord
 Ormond weakly thinks his son and
 myself may yet be united; alas! he
 little knows me; as firm a promise
 as Selby’s, though written only on
 the tablet of my heart, will keep
 me single.

Lord Ormond seeing his son and
 myself so averse to the match, has
 (I really believe) only pretended to
 be sick; and, I dare say, told the
 physician to prescribe going abroad.
 Lord Selby was very averse to the
 journey, but I entreated him as his
 future fortune depends so much on

his father, promising to use my utmost endeavours to find out where you was concealed. — Now, my dear girl, I have told you all my news, and should have paid you a visit at Hampton, only it might not be agreeable to your mama, who, I am informed, is not well. If you tell her you have heard from me, present my sincere respects, and believe me, with the truest sincerity,

yours ever,
ANNE DELANY.

I did not scruple to give my mother this letter, as she was much better; I told her she should, if she pleased, dictate the answer, “ No,
“ my

“ my dear child,” said she, pressing
 my hand between both hers, “ I do
 “ not doubt your prudence ; act in
 “ a manner which your own heart
 “ shall applaud ; and though it
 “ may give a trivial pain now, yet
 “ shall it purchase lasting, real fe-
 “ licity.”

I sat down and wrote to Lady
 Anne ; I told her I accepted her
 offered friendship with the truest
 pleasure, but must intreat Lord Sel-
 by might not be mentioned between
 us ; as I must falsify my word to
 my father if, by any means, I heard
 from him. —

My mother's health was better, and Lady Anne's letter rather raised my spirits. Perhaps the security with which I thought I held Lord Selby's heart did not a little contribute to ease my dejected Mind. I even thought of writing to my father; once more to entreat his pardon, and permission to remain unmarried, with my promise renewed with regard to Lord Selby: but all this was frustrated by my dear mother's relapse the evening following. O, Emeline, what have I been destined to suffer! in what a situation did I again see my parent! doubly dreadful to me, who knew myself the cause. As her reason never failed, she

she desired me to write to my father ; she entreated to see him, as she was sensible a short time must part them for ever. My father was then in London ; I wrote instantly, as well as my distraction would permit ; I entreated him to make me only the victim of his anger.—Alas, Emmeline, you will think him cruel when I tell you, instead of coming, he returned me an answer immediately, that I knew on what terms only he could grant my request, a promise to espouse Mr. Welford at any time, he (my father) might think fit to appoint. The letter dropped from my hand, when I heard the fatal conditions, and after some little time,

I entered my mother's apartment. The physician was there, he seemed to entertain the most alarming apprehensions. I approached her bedside — she asked me if I had heard from my father? tears choaked my voice, I could not answer: she was so sensible of my emotion that she faintly exclaimed, “He will not come then,” and fainted. O, my sister, I know not how I have found spirits to rehearse all these horrors — at first I thought her dead, and screamed with unutterable anguish; the physician entreated me to quit the room, assured me it was only a fainting fit, that my fears would only more agitate her spirits, which

he

he observed were already so depressed, that unless something could be done to relieve them, her life would inevitably be the consequence. They led me down to the parlour; I entreated to be left alone; I tried to call together my scattered spirits for recollection; I found either my honoured mother or myself must be the victim; for her to expire on my account too, without seeing my father, was distraction: to give my hand to Welford was horror: if my father came, my mother, I thought, might yet survive; if she died, I was a parricide. Thus torn with a thousand passions, I snatched up a

pen, and wrote to my father as follows :

SIR,

Since one of us must be the victim, let it fall on my devoted head ; spare, spare, and come to my expiring mother. O, save me from the crime of parricide. If she survives, dispose of me as you think fit ; if otherwise, there will be no occasion for either father or husband for the wretched

CLARA GOWER.

I gave myself no time for recollection, but sent this off to London instantly, and, with a forced composure,

posure, entered my mother's apartment. She again asked me if I had heard from my father? I assumed courage enough to tell her he would presently arrive. Alas, she then knew not how dearly I purchased that favour; a faint smile beamed on her face when I told her I expected him; for, spite of his severity, she loved him with the utmost tenderness.

I have often since wondered my father did not resent the letter I wrote, but it was quite the contrary. He arrived at Hampton in an incredible short space of time; he sent for me to the parlour, but absolutely started on my appearance. The time
I had

I had sat up with my mother, and the agnoies I had sustained, had so altered me, that it was some minutes before he recovered his surprise. “Well, Clara,” said he, “how
 “ is your mother? I hope not so ill
 “ as you have represented; let her
 “ know I am here, and impatient
 “ to see her.” My father has since owned he had no idea my mother was so ill, but thought I had brought her into that scheme to win him to our purpose. Alas, how could he think so cheaply of her whose heart was the seat of truth!—never, sure, did deceit dwell on such features as hers.—

As well as the agitation of his presence and my own feelings would let me, I told him she was in the utmost danger, and entreated him not to mention on what terms he came, as she thought she owed his arrival to his tenderness.

Do you not wonder I had all this confidence to a man, whose slightest frown used to make me tremble? but I, at that time, had my spirits exerted to their utmost pitch, and the pain of mind I sustained, and the sacrifice I thought I had made, wrought me almost to desperation. I was not present at his meeting with my mother; I acquainted her
with

with his arrival, and quitted the room to give vent to feelings which were rending my heart.

My father, after spending a considerable time in her apartment, sent for me, and before her said, "Clara, once again we are friends; I hope we shall ever remain so." This little speech, though it gave my mother the utmost pleasure, had a contrary effect on me, as it convinced me he was firm to his purpose, and would claim my extorted promise.

For some days my mother continued in the utmost danger; at length,

length, however, she seemed slowly to recover, though not enough to quit her chamber. My father and myself consequently sat alone. One night after supper, with some tendernefs, he desired me to fix a time for seeing Mr. Welford: good Heaven, how did my heart recoil at the name! yet I answered him with a courage you will be amazed at; yet it was not really courage, but rather a contempt, of what was in future to befall me. — “ I have said, Sir,” returned I, “ you should dispose of
 “ me as you think fit, I do not for-
 “ get my misery-extorted promise;
 “ I have preserved my mother, I
 “ have given you back an invaluable
 “ able

“ able wife, the idea of which shall
 “ support me in what I have to sus-
 “ tain : Give, then, my hand, Sir,
 “ when you please to Mr. Welford,
 “ if he will accept it without my
 “ heart ; as yourself, Sir, I am above
 “ a falsehood ; I have no heart to
 “ bestow.”

My father looked at me for a
 moment with amazement ; I really
 believe he thought if he used much
 more severity, my senses would for-
 sake me ; he then asked me, what
 objections I could possibly have to
 Mr. Welford ; was he not young
 and handsome, with as good a for-
 tune as I could expect ? and nothing
 but

but a foolish passion could make me blind to his merit; he added much more, but all to the same purpose, and I retired to rest in a state of mind, which nothing but a consciousness of acting right, could have enabled me to support—My mother grew daily better; my melancholy was not lost on her; she entreated me to tell her the cause; I thought her not enough recovered to make the experiment;—my sorrows pent up in my own bosom, consumed me,—I determined to write to Lady Anne Delany, and open to her my whole soul. I did so, but as perpetual misfortunes was to follow every thing I attempted, this step
only

only accelerated the dreaded marriage; for Lady Anne instantly wrote back, intreating me not to make myself voluntarily miserable, to find some means to reach London, where she had disposed Lady Ferrere to receive me—that she wrote to Lord Selby even before she wrote to me, and had sent the letter express, his lordship being then only at Lisle; that in our situation, might she advise, a Scotch marriage was the only step we could with safety pursue; for continued she, I know Lord Ormond well enough, to be certain, he will not long be angry with his son; and your father, when
it

it is past remedy, will be perfectly satisfied.

Had I received this letter, (which unfortunately I did not,) never would I have pursued a step so very indelicate, but however I had it not in my power to think of it, for my father happened to be in the court, when Lady Anne's man brought the letter; he asked whose servant he was; he had no idea of any correspondence between us; it excited his curiosity; he ordered a servant to take the letter, and bring it to him; he read it; it appeared I was treating him with duplicity; he determined to repay it in kind, he ordered

dered the servant who took the letter not to mention it to any one; and he was true to his orders.

I must conclude for the present, my dear Emmeline!—What a packet do I send you! 'tis absolutely a volume! I will remit you the remainder next post. Adieu.

CLARA WELFORD,

L O R D

L O R D O R M O N D

T O

S I R E D W A R D C O N W A Y .

St. James's Place.

I AM extremely sorry, my good friend, to be obliged to decline, for a short time, your pleasing invitation ; but after an absence of three years, I have a wish to see Selby House ; the rejoicing of my tenants, the charming situation, and if I want company, its vicinity to Lymington, will fully supply me. The house that belonged to Mr. Gower,
about

about two miles from me, I hear he has left his daughter Clara—my pen, or rather, my heart, will not suffer me to give her any other appellation. They tell me she seldom or never comes to it, as her mother died there; believe me, Edward, fond as I am of the spot, partial as I am to—(pardon the name) I would not go to Selby House were she at hers. It is more than probable we might meet, and though I frequently, before I went abroad, used to see her, apparently on her side without emotion, yet, alas! Edward, it is not so with me; a smile that she has bestowed on Welford has forced me to quit an assembly; then judge if I
could

could trust myself to meet her in those charming shades were the first blushed approbation to my passion. By heavens ! I should forget she was Welford's, and remember her only as my dear, my adored Clara ; how well, Conway, do I know all her walks ? with what pleasure shall I contemplate them ? here will I say, did she watch the rising of the sun, before the lack-lustre eye of the modern belle had closed to sleep—Here before the fashionable fair had given the silver summons to her still half-sleeping maid, has she cheered a number of innocent hearts. Methinks at this moment I see the rosy children of the village hastening

as they used to do to make their curtsy, which was ever returned by an angelic smile—The old blessed her goodness, while even clowns stared with amazement, and wondered at her beauty. Good heaven! why do I recall past scenes! why do I ingeniously torment myself; when, alas! she is lost to me for ever!

I will conquer this weakness, Conway—I have tried variety of scenes; but what is change of place, of country, to eyes that view but one object? and mine have ever been turned inward, and seen only Clara—What are amusements when
the

the heart is not glad?—I will now pursue the method most suitable to my disposition, a country life, contemplative walks, pleasing studies, music, and, above all, the universal pleasure and good my fortune enables me to bestow—Shall I not sometimes, think you, forget even Clara?—Amidst the smiles of innocent mirth and satisfaction I see beam around me, the rude, blunt laugh of honesty is to me preferable to the fashion-taught simper of a titled beau, and the down-cast eye and blushing cheek of the village maid, to the affected languish, or still more disagreeable tonish stare of a modern belle?—I have a large

fortune ; it was not bestowed on me alone—it was lent to give me the luxurious pleasure of doing good to thousands—I will obey the dictates of my heart ;—happiness shall smile round me, and some of it will revert to my own bosom—Adieu, I must conclude, for the night is far advanced, and sleep hangs heavy on the eyelids of your friend,

HENRY ORMOND

M R S

MRS. WELFORD

TO

MISS GOWER.

Harley Street.

I Resume my pen, my Emmeline,
and hasten to end a narrative,
which, to you, must be tedious,
to myself painful.

My father took not the least notice of Lady Anne's letter ; but, two mornings after, I was much surpris'd, on finding Mr. Welford in the parlor : he rose to meet me ;

he took my reluctant, trembling hand ; he pressed it to his lips, and spoke in a manner that convinced me my father had acquainted him with my promise. Without speaking I attempted to make the breakfast, (my mother still kept her chamber,) it was some minutes before I could compose my spirits enough to perform it.—After it was over my father, fixing his eyes on me, said, “ Clara, I have acquainted
 “ Mr. Welford with your determination in his favor ; and, as delays are unnecessary, I think you
 “ can have no objection to Monday,
 “ (this was Saturday,) your compliance will confer an obligation
 on

“ on Mr. Welford, and I shall receive such a proof of duty as it merits.” O, Emmeline, I could, at that moment, have blessed the friendly hand that would have deprived me of life; it was with the utmost difficulty I stammered out, “ I am your daughter, Sir, and must obey.” I then rose, and, without his permission, retired to my apartment. My feelings were somewhat relieved by tears; I wept for hours without intermission: my mother at length sent to know why I did not come to her as usual. — I attended her; she desired to know the cause of my disorder — I acquainted her my father insisted on

my espousing Mr. Welford the Monday following: I likewise told her of my promise to obey him; but, alas! I did not tell by what means he had obtained that promise.

I shall pass over, my dear sister, the two days previous to my marriage with Mr. Welford; it was a repetition of tears, sobs, and heart-rending sighs. I ceased to entreat mercy from my father, I saw him implacable, and my intervals from weeping, were a melancholy stupor, in which my senses seemed suspended; thus situated, the dreaded morning arrived.

My

My father, unknown to me, had sent for my friend Harriet Conway. A momentary pleasure beamed on my mind on her appearance. She attempted to compose me, but her tears were more eloquent than her words, and gave the denial to what her lips uttered.

With her, then, my father, and Mr. Welford, we went privately to church: I had sought no embellishment for the day, but in my usual morning dress attended them.

Mr. Welford almost lifted me into the coach. — We arrived at church, and, amidst ten thousand

G 5 horrid

horrid ideas, Mr. Welford from my father received my hand; I cannot say I gave it, a stupid, passive, heart-rending horror hung on me the whole time.

Mr. Welford and my father led me out after the ceremony; think my agony; let your mind paint, my Emmeline, what my pen cannot describe—At the porch the first object that struck my sight was Lord Selby alighting from his horse, his dress covered with dust, his hair disheveled, his face pale, and absolutely disfigured with grief.—O, Emmeline, I conceal none of my weakness from you; judge how I
loved

loved Lord Selby; unmindful of the vow I had assented to, regardless of my husband, I disengaged my arms from them; my stupor left me, I seemed awakened from a dream; I advanced some paces towards Lord Selby, and exclaimed, "Protect me, save me." It was the exertion of despair, and my spirits thus roused, could not bear the conflict, and I fainted and fell in Lord Selby's arms, who had advanced to me.—A moment convinced me I was lost for ever. Mr. Welford asserted his right, and attempted to take me from him, but supporting me with his left hand, and

with his right drawing out a pistol, he vowed the death of the first that should touch me. I was insensible all this time, but, alas, I have been so often upbraided with it, that it is perfectly known to me.

My father spoke with great heat, and insisted on his relinquishing me; Lord Selby answered with equal acrimony, that for my own sake he would put me in the carriage, that I might speedily have assistance—that they had murdered me, and himself would revenge it—he then took me in his arms, and placed me in the coach, the motion of which brought me to myself—my eyes opened

opened and met those of an angry parent, and a justly incensed husband. They spoke not, I was unable, and my head sunk again on the shoulder of Harriet, who before supported it.

When we reached home, I was immediately bled, which much relieved the stupor that at times overcame me, but my horrors, my agony still continued. My mother, though still weak, left her room and attempted to sooth me; my father, nor Welford, came not; and thus, my sister, passed the day of my nuptials. Early in the evening my father entered the room with a letter

ter in his hand; " See here, wretch-
 " ed girl," said he, " the confusion
 " your imprudence occasions; it is
 " a challenge from Lord Selby to
 " Welford—I fortunately suspected
 " it, and he has not seen it. Vile
 " as you are, I would, if possible,
 " save your blighted honor; should
 " they meet, it will be said you
 " contrived it to murder Welford.
 " Write, then, to that hot-brained
 " boy, in terms your honour de-
 " mands, and before it is too late,
 " snatch your name from everlasting
 " infamy."

Miserable as I was, I felt the jus-
 tice of what he urged; I felt my

own.

own imprudence (though, alas, it was involuntary) I told him in broken sentences I would write to Lord Selby, nay I attempted it, but my hands refused their office, and I trembled to that excessive degree, it was impossible—even my father's eyes for a moment beamed pity. Harriet's writing and mine were similar, I entreated her to write for me; she did so, myself, as well as I could, dictating.

My Lord,

Since it has pleased Heaven to place between us an insuperable bar, it is just we submit; seek not, I conjure you, to everlastingly destroy my honor,

honour, as your last step inevitably must; alas! myself this fatal morning has blemished it for ever. Think my Lord, would you have the woman you have once favoured with your esteem, pointed to as the murderers of her husband. No, if you persist, I will, lost to the world and its censure, pass (I hope) my short remains of life in some foreign habitation, bewailing my unfortunate attachment. — Welford knows not your message; it shall be an everlasting secret—then, if you value my life, relinquish your fatal intention. Think of me as a sister, preserve my honour as such, and you shall ever meet my gratitude.

You.

You will wonder, my dear sister, how Lord Selby came so exactly at the time of my marriage ; but I have before informed you Lady Anne had wrote to him on receipt of my letter. Without permission of Lord Ormond, he set out post for England : he travelled both day and night, which, having a quick passage from Dover, brought him to London the night before my nuptials. It was too late to meet with any one, but in the morning early, he had waited on Welford, on inquiry he was informed he was come to Hampton ; he immediately pursued him, and came to our house ; the servant informed him where we

were

were gone — driven to despair, he reached the church, you have heard what followed, and what I now tell you I since heard from Lady Anne Delany.

But to continue my story — Mr. Welford never knew of Lord Selby's challenge. For him, he quitted Hampton that night, and the day following was seized with a violent fever, during which his life was long doubtful. Lord Ormond immediately came to London, and, in the idea of losing his son, forgot his family views, and lamented having caused his unhappiness.

For

For Mr. Welford, he behaved in a manner which procured him a portion of my esteem; the evening after I had wrote to Lord Selby he came to my apartment; he lamented not possessing my affection; said his conduct should force me at least to give him my friendship; that he hoped time would point out to me his deserving; that, for the present, painful as it was to him, he should go for a month to the forest with my father; that he hoped, on his return, to find me composed and happy.

O, Emmeline, for the first time,
I felt a sentiment in his favor. I
thanked

thanked him, and said, I hoped he would not be deceived in his expectations; that I would endeavour to profit by the instruction (during the time of his absence) of my excellent mother; he soon after took his leave, and went with my father, late as it was, some few miles of their journey that night.

My mother would not quit me; her persuasive manner, and Welford's absence a little restored my tranquillity: for Lord Selby, we heard nothing of his sickness, until after Welford's return.—The month passed away; my tears began to return; "Think, my dear child,"
would

would my parents say, “ of the
 “ crime you hourly commit ; Hea-
 “ ven has destined Welford your
 “ husband ; you hate him without
 “ a cause : consider, may not your
 “ conduct change his love to the
 “ opposite ? then, indeed, Clara,
 “ you will be truly unhappy. Cast
 “ off this weakness, then, my sweet
 “ girl, if you can not meet him
 “ with the warmth of youthful,
 “ romantic affection, at least see
 “ him in the light he merits ; nay
 “ more, view him as the man on
 “ whom your future happiness or
 “ misery depends. — Believe me,
 “ time will blunt the acuteness of
 “ your present feelings : let Wel-
 “ ford

“ford then meet your esteem, and
 “may his good qualities, and your
 “gratitude, change it to a more
 “tender sensation.”

Suffice it, Welford was true to his time; I received him with affected composure, though my heart beat doubly at the suppression of my feelings. My reason, during the month of his absence, had exerted itself in searching my heart: alas! I found love of Lord Selby still predominant there. I continually painted to myself the crime I was committing; I tried a change of conduct; I kept as much as possible with my mother; I was ashamed to shew my
 3 weakness

weakness in her presence ; I sometimes strove to read, but Heaven knows how little I understood the subject ; and when I attempted music, the un-attuned soul gave sounds as unharmonious as its own feelings.

Thus the time passed for some months ; I was still at home, when a cough and consumptive habit made the physician order me to Bath ; for the first time, I quitted my mother, and went alone with Welford. After we had been there some short time, I imagined his conduct did not shew his usual attention ; his hours were late, and his days spent in sleep — I tried to assume cheerfulness,

ness, foreign to my heart—I studied his temper, and when he was gay, I never appeared sad.—My health better, we returned to town, to a house he had caused to be taken for our reception. Here, indeed, was the temple of dissipation; it was a constant repetition of cards and different entertainments. Thus, then, the hours passed for two years, when it pleased Heaven to bless me with Emma. For Lord Selby, I had accidentally seen him several times at different places : to say when I first saw him it was without emotion, would be false ; but reason and virtue assisted me in the conflict, and I latterly met him as a relation I was
pleased

pleased to see ;— I fear, Emmeline, it is not so with him ; I have observed him turn pale and tremble, and, as soon as possible, quit the place I entered. I ever avoided the slightest conversation ; indeed, I distrusted my own heart. The birth of Emma changed the scene ; a double knot now bound me to Welford ; I thought if I did not possess his heart, Emma would not his affection.

When she was about a year old, my father was taken ill, (ever since I married Mr. Welford, he behaved with the greatest tenderness,) he sent for me — for a week I never quitted him. O ! Emmeline, he

VOL. I.

H

deigned

deigned to apologize to me ; he said he had been unpardonably severe ; “ O, Clara,” would he say, “ forget my tyranny, and use your own little one with a lenity denied yourself.” Pardon me, it is a subject on which I cannot dwell—he expired as I was supporting him in my arms ; he died with a blessing for me on his lips. In spite of his severity, I truly lamented him, and my mother was inconsolable. I need not tell you my father left his fortune to my mother, entreating her to settle yours as she thought fit.

Lord Ormond died about half a year before my father, and though

I had never seen him since my marriage, he did me the honor in his will to bequeath me some very valuable jewels, and the portraits of Lady Ormond (who had been dead many years) and himself. Lady Anne Delany brought me the bequest; I would not see her without Welford's permission—he immediately acquiesced, and this meeting renewed his former acquaintance. Lord Selby went immediately abroad on the death of his father, and I hear has made the tour of Europe.

Not more than a year and a half after this, you returned to England on the death of your aunt;—alas!

H 2 Emmeline,

Emmeline, how short a space was you blest with the company of your mother ; how calm, how placid was her evening of life ! — the virtuous, my sister, ever meet death with fortitude ; to them it is only sleep, a pleasing sleep, in whose oblivion they forget the uneasy journey through life ; it is only a transition from pain to pleasure, from certain woe to everlasting rest. I frequently think with rapture of the extatic joy the soul must feel, awakening from a tedious sickness, in the realms of bliss ! the welcome of angels, the meeting of friends long separated, and to look round and view every soul

soul animated with celestial benevolence. The thought expands my heart, calms my sorrows, and teaches me to look forward with hope and delight.

The declining state of our mother awakened both our feelings ; we watched her with unwearied attention : but why do I recapitulate a scene still so painful ? Grief for her loss, though softened by time, will always have a ready grateful tear to her memory. Her last care was Emmeline ; how strong the recommendation ! her commands are engraven on my heart, my promise so imprinted on my memory, that no

power on earth shall shake it. — It was the care of my only beloved, my charming sister. Though the confidence my mother had in me, fills me with delight, yet the charge will become painful, should I ever have to act contrary to the inclination of Emmeline. How happy should I be to resign the care to a virtuous husband; a man whose superior fortune would leave no room to suppose he had any views but the person of my amiable sister; if not a man of fortune, a man of honor, a man habitually virtuous. I credit not a sudden burst of virtue; it is a kind of hot-house plant, which never thrives in open air.

How

How happy should I be to have you with me; but I hope to remove the difficulty; yes, hope bids me look forward to the hour when I may raise my eyes with exultation, and wish my mother, for a moment, to look on earth and see I have done my duty.—Adieu, my love: my next, I hope, will be more chearful; but at present, memory presents a thousand tender, painful objects to

CLARA WELFORD.

MISS

MISS GOWER

To

MRS. WELFORD.

Conway Place.

HOW sensibly, my sister, do I
ever feel my inferiority ! You
have flattered me by your confi-
dence ; in your narrative how you
have omitted the follies of others !
pardon, my Clara, if I say I mean
Mr. Welford. A thousand instances
convince me how little he deserves
you—In the latter part of yours,
you wish to surrender me to an
amiable

amiable man, a man of fortune : did not Sir Edward Conway, my love, fit in your mind for the picture ? But if I promise to avoid Captain Buckley—I hope you will not require me to love another. The attention the Captain paid me when I removed to your house, on the death of my mother, perhaps, made me first partial to him—When the heart is softened by grief, it is most susceptible of tender impressions. The last command of my mother is as firmly engraven on my memory as on yours. Holding her already cold hands to each, she said, “ Clara, be unto Emmeline a parent ; and may a blessing more

H 5 “ powerful

“powerful than mine be upon
 “you.” Then fixing her eyes on
 me, “Obey Clara as my represen-
 “tative; and may the blessing of
 “the Almighty and a dying parent
 “hover around you.” At other
 times, (before she was so ill,) has
 she said, “Observe your sister
 “Clara; my Emmeline, she will
 “guide you to peace and happiness;
 “taught herself in the school of
 “misfortune, she will teach you to
 “conquer your faults, while she
 “places a proper value on your
 “virtues.”

Yes, my dear sister, her command
 was uttered in the same breath with
 her

her dying blessing, and your Emeline, I hope, will never lose the idea.

How truly do I love Harriet Conway ! nay I much esteem her brother ; but he is too attentive to one who can never return that attention : Harriet, too, pleads for him ; and there is a fascination about her that is so painful to resist that I should be happy to return to you, if a certain person was not so frequently there : but I am not strong enough to defy danger ; all I can promise, is, to avoid it. Alas ! Clara, I possess not your fortitude : with the gentleness of your mother, you have

the resolution of your father—for example, you have conquered a passion that almost formed a part of your existence ; yet, no sooner was you convinced that your honour was concerned, than you exerted your reason, and (though a painful struggle,) conquered it. Adieu, my dear sister, for the present ; I must leave off : may felicity, great as your merits, attend you.

EMMELINE GOWER.

MRS.

MRS. WELFORD

TO

LADY ANNE DELANY.

Harley Street.

MY thoughts, my dear Lady Anne, have been lately so totally occupied, that I have not found an hour to bestow on one of the most pleasing occupations of my life, (writing to yourself.) Would to heaven, my friend, you could look into my heart, and see what passes in that troubled tenement, and spare my pen the disagreeable office ::

office : yet your advice, the counsel of a sincere friend, is now necessary.

Mr. Welford, who I have long thought favored the pretensions of Captain Buckley to my sister, now openly avows it—Yes, Anne, your Clara must either be a disobedient wife, or faithless guardian—O ! I can never, never forfeit my promise to that expiring saint—I promised it on my knees, while her last breath quivered on her lips, and I will be faithful to my word—The unfortunate, designed victim, alas ! loves Captain Buckley to a degree that makes me tremble—I would not for worlds she should know Mr. Welford

ford and myself have disagreed on this affair. She would not willingly give me pain ; and I had rather she would reject the Captain through her own reason than my persuasions. Mr. Welford, yesterday morning after breakfast, asked me when I meant Emmeline to return home ? I replied, she seemed so satisfied at Sir Edward's, that I would deprive myself of the pleasure of her company while it was agreeable to herself to stay.

“ No, Madam,” said he, “ it
 “ is not agreeable to herself, it is
 “ agreeable to your own contradic-
 “ tory humour ; you fear she should
 “ marry

“ marry the man she loves ;—disap-
 “ pointed of your former affection,
 “ you wish to teach her heroism. ”

You cannot imagine any thing more
 insulting than the manner in which
 this was spoke—for a moment my
 heart beat high ; but a few tears re-
 tarder its motion—“ My heroism,”
 returned I, “ ought not to be a
 “ term of reproach : heaven knows
 “ I have ever tried to merit your
 “ esteem and affection ; if I have
 “ failed, I am rather unfortunate
 “ than culpable. ”

“ You do not pursue the way to
 “ retain it, if you possess it,” said
 he :—“ you have long known I fa-
 “ voured

“ voured Buckley’s addressee ; you
“ know your sister loves him, and
“ yet you keep her at Sir Edward’s
“ — I see your views, Madam ;
“ you imagine she may make an im-
“ pression on Sir Edward ; a match
“ of fortune would suit your pride,
“ and satisfy your romantic notions
“ of obeying your mother—pray
“ how could you obey her better
“ than by making Emmeline hap-
“ py ? her unhappiness was never
“ the intent of Mrs. Gower.”

“ True, Sir ;—but I am by no
“ means certain my sister is so par-
“ tial to Mr. Buckley ; should she,
“ I certainly shall endeavour to
“ point

“ point out the disadvantages of
“ such an alliance ; for though
“ without fortune, the Captain pur-
“ sues the most fashionable amuse-
“ ments—Sir Edward, I confess, I
“ should prefer : for though a man
“ of fortune, he is neither gamester
“ nor libertine.”

I am sorry, Anne, I said so much ;
but the affection I bear my sister
made me speak with acrimony
against the cause of the dispute.

Mr. Welford absolutely was crim-
son—“ It is well, Madam,” said
he, “ My friend is a gamester and
“ libertine ; but I wish not to pro-
“ ceed

“ceed to extremities ; I calmly ask,
 “will you consent to Buckley pay-
 “ing his addressee to Emmeline ?”
 “—Pardon me, Sir, I never can !”
 “—You will not, Madam ?” —
 “I am sorry to say my heart will
 “not let me.” — “Then by heaven,
 “Madam, you shall, or your heart
 “shall break.” — “My heart may
 “break, my honor shall never
 “bend.” — “Confound your hon-
 “or,” said he, and rushed out of
 the room.

Alas ! dear Lady Anne, how fe-
 verely do I feel this behaviour !
 My spirits, though for a short time
 they supported me, afterwards sunk
 to

to the lowest degree of feminine weakness.

I tried to compose my spirits, I even tried to recollect virtues in Captain Buckley, but in vain ; my mind was so disturbed, that it could not return to its proper bias ; I determined to attempt to read—I have often read Young's Night Thoughts, until he has robbed me of the tear due to my own sorrows. I determined then to go to the library, and fetch a book, but was surprised on finding Captain Buckley alone there, carelessly lolling on a sofa, reading: indeed I know not why it should be a cause of wonder, for
 01 he

he is at our house as free as at his own. He made me the common morning compliments, and said Mr. Welford had that moment been called out, and he had promised to stay till his return. It suddenly struck my thoughts, Lady Anne, to speak to him, in relation to Emmeline, and tell him my firm determination, which I did in as gentle a manner as possible, entreating him to give up all thoughts of her at present, as I could not give my consent to his addressing her; that if he really loved her, three years would put her at her own disposal. While I spoke, his eyes were riveted on me;—my face, I believe,

was

was red with weeping. " You have
 " been weeping," said he; " I fear
 " I do not guess wrong, when I
 " suppose some discourse concern-
 " ing me may have occasioned it,
 " yet believe me when I swear by
 " Heaven, I would relinquish my
 " utmost, my dearest hopes, sooner
 " than you should shed one tear."
 — " True," replied I, " some dis-
 " course I have had with Mr. Wel-
 " ford, has discomposed me; but
 " though I cannot conquer that
 " feminine weakness, tears, I am
 " firm and unalterable in my re-
 " solve; then let me conjure you,
 " Captain, to give up my sister,
 " or at least act for three years in a
 " manner

“ manner to deserve her ;—do that,
 “ your want of fortune shall be no
 “ obstacle ; myself will be the first
 “ to be your friend.” Would to
 Heaven my Emmeline was safe for
 three years ; this romantic flight of
 passion would give way to sobered
 thoughts and matured understand-
 ing. I might as well expect to re-
 verse the order of nature, as Buck-
 ley to act uniformly virtuous for
 three years. Yet he was absolutely
 in raptures, and promised all I asked
 —Alas, I rely not on the word of
 such a man ; how little do they
 value honor, who dare prostitute her
 sacred name at a gaming table. I
 saw not Mr. Welford until dinner ;
 he

he said he should go on a shooting party to the forest for a short time ; I asked him if it was his pleasure I should accompany him, or remain in London : he replied he should be glad of my company if I could be ready in two days. I assured him I would, as in nothing I would dissent from him, but the disposal of my beloved sister ; but Heaven knows how disagreeable the forest is to me ; it reminds me of a thousand painful objects, and my mother's recent death there, fills me with a pensive melancholy that is by no means pleasing to Welford. Adieu, my friend ; my mind is somewhat relieved ; thus

unbur-

unburdened to you. Once more
farewell ; remember in your orisons
your

CLARA WELFORD.

Vol. I. I CAPTAIN

CAPTAIN BUCKLEY

TO

CAPTAIN FREEMAN,

Pall Mall.

WELL, Freeman, stratagem
in love is ever fair, and that
must now be my resource; the love-
ly, the charming, obstinate Mrs.
Welford, absolutely denies her con-
sent; by Heaven she almost talked
me from my purpose—what eyes to
plead; what lips to sue—he must
be both deaf and blind that can re-
fuse any thing she entreats—but
then,

then, say you, how long will you keep those fine promises? why, as long as I can; as long as her radiant eyes are fixed on me; I have promised her to give up Emmeline; and, to say the truth, I believe I should, were it not for Welford, who is more anxious for the match than myself; as we have no hope left of gaining Clara to our purpose, Welford sends her to-morrow to the Forest; I, in the mean time, go to Conway Place, and try the force of vows with Emmeline; I think I am enough beloved to persuade her to elope, and then away for Scotland, and a capital figure when we return. Would I could banish this

Clara from my thoughts ; she is as troublesome as my conscience, ever intruding. Welford is to make an excuse of attending her to the Forest, as his presence may be needful in town.—I know I shall want all my rhetoric with Emmeline, who has ever paid the most implicit obedience to her sister : but let me alone, I will set love against duty for a thousand pounds, and say done first,

VALENTINE BUCKLEY.

LORD

LORD ORMOND

TO

SIR EDWARD CONWAY.

Selby House.

YOU find, Edward, I am a constant correspondent; even my favourite country scheme is frustrated, and has only agitated my spirits. I have been three days at Selby house, yet believe I shall quit it in three more; and to tell you the reason, know, that yesterday, after dining alone, and reading afterwards for about two or three hours, finding

I 3

the

the night beautifully clear, I determined to walk. For a long time I walked up and down the Terrace; at length, I crossed the meadow that leads to the church, to see poor Davis; I generally make her an annual present, and had not seen her since my arrival; her house is on the farther side of the church. I went and gave her what I look on as a debt; the grateful creature thanked me, while tears of gratitude washed her cheeks. "What is the matter, Davis; are you not happy? If your stipend is not enough, speak freely, it shall be augmented." — "O yes, it is quite enough, it is more than we spend, but

“ but I cannot forbear crying; yet
 “ it does not hurt me like the tears
 “ I shed in my misery; those al-
 “ most burst my heart, these give it
 “ ease. I have not seen your lord-
 “ ship these three years, and my
 “ dear, blessed Lady Welford, they
 “ say, will come no more to the
 “ forest; and though I am a poor
 “ woman, I loved her so, I could
 “ die for her. O, I think I see her
 “ now, carrying my then little
 “ starving Jenny:”—ah, girl! con-
 tinued she, addressing the little one,
 who held her by the apron, “ you
 “ are now fat and well, but who
 “ made you so?” — “ God,” said
 the innocent: “ So he did,” said

the mother, "but always, Jenny, "remember his blessed agents." This scene was absolutely painful, and I made little Jane a compliment, promising to see them again, and departed.—The moon shone beautifully bright—the church clock struck nine—the night was perfectly still, and gave no signs of October, but a trivial coldness in the air. I stepped over the church-yard stile; my mind was before softened, and I was lost in melancholy reflections, when suddenly the voice of sighs and sadness shook me from my reverie, to feel for a fellow creature. For a moment I stood still to listen; the sound came from

from two high yews close to the church. I advanced towards the place, when a sweetly-plaintive voice, and whose accents in an instant reached my soul, exclaimed, "O, my mother, may the bliss
 " you now enjoy, recompence your
 " past misfortunes; and may the
 " power that guided you through
 " the storm, direct your Clara, and
 " protect your Emmeline!" It is not in language, Edward, to tell you what I felt at that moment: think, the lovely Clara, kneeling on the damp earth, her face pressed on the black marble that covers the sacred dust of her mother, and so lost in contemplation, that she heard not:

my steps. The old yews made a thick dark shade over her head ; my whole soul was absorbed, and I involuntarily said, “ Madam.” She started, and instantly arose and gracefully waving her hand, said, “ I pray you, sir, pass on, and respect a daughter’s sorrow.” “ Pardon, madam,” returned I, “ the fears of friendship — night, the damp earth” — “ Good Heaven,” is not that Lord Ormond’s voice?” — “ It is, madam, I was accidentally crossing the church yard, and heard the voice of sorrow ; — permit me to conduct you from these dreary mansions.” — “ I only arrived at the Forest to-day, an almost involuntary

“ involuntary impulse, led me to pay
 “ my duty here : I have dropped the
 “ tear of grateful remembrance on
 “ my mother’s ashes, and now my
 “ heart beats lighter, and I shall re-
 “ turn home composed and happy.”

The ground was rough from the
 number of turf-covered graves. I
 offered her my arm ; she gave me
 her hand with the calmness, the
 innocence of a sister. “ I ever, I
 “ think, stumble,” said she, “ over
 “ these humble mansions of mor-
 “ tality ! What a lesson is here for
 “ pride. The grass-covered peasant
 “ and the marble-entombed lord,
 “ sleep equally low and sound ; the

“ toil of harvest, nor the winter’s
 “ plough, no longer perplex the
 “ one, nor pomp and riches the
 “ other.” As she spoke, her foot
 touched something, “ It is a skull,”
 said she, “ perhaps of some beauty,
 “ and those dark fearful hollows
 “ might hold eyes that racked lovers
 “ to find families for their bright-
 “ ness—from that fearful jaw, per-
 “ haps, hung coral lips, and grew
 “ alabaster teeth—could flashes of
 “ joy, of wit of merriment, pass
 “ from any thing so hideous? Could
 “ her lover see her now, he would
 “ hold the value of beauty at too
 “ trivial a rate to be regarded.” I
 fear, Conway, my confusion was
 not

not lost on her ; I think she held this discourse to give me time to recollect myself.

We reached the stile ; I assisted her to get over. “ Farewell, my Lord, I will not trespass on your kindness farther ; I have no feminine fears, and shall reach home in safety.”

I saw, I felt the propriety of her behaviour ; I attempted to bid her adieu, but the words died upon my lips, and I still kept her hand inclosed within mine.—“ Good night, my Lord,” said she, “ the night is so light, you need not be under.”

“ der any apprehension for me —
 “ adieu : I will remember your
 “ attention as the kindness of a
 “ brother.”

“ Of a brother !” good Heaven,
 Clara !—at that moment I absolutely
 forgot myself, and, in an instant,
 perhaps, might have said something
 that would have everlastingly dis-
 pleased her ; but, assuming an air
 of distance, “ Yes, my Lord, of a
 “ brother who respects, who would
 “ protect a sister’s honor — Once
 “ more good night” — So saying,
 she disengaged her hand from mine,
 turned from me, and, with hasty
 steps, walked homeward.—I suppose

I need not tell you I did not leave her to the dangers of the night; I followed, at a distance, her steps; I saw her safely enter her own house; and when the gate closed, methought I had lost every earthly blessing.

I am now convinced, Conway, she no longer thinks of me; the gentleness of her disposition prompts her to treat me with friendship, but her heart is Welford's.—Well, is he not her husband? the father of her child; envied appellations!—had Heaven blessed me with the glorious distinction, would I have let her come to the forest alone?

(for

(for Welford, I find, on inquiry, is not there) would I trust her to the damp evening air? should the tear flow from her eye and mine be dry? No, by Heaven I would shield her in my bosom, she would cease to weep; for the sigh that shook her breast would agonize that of

HENRY ORMOND.

M.R.S..

(185)

MRS. WELFORD

TO

LADY ANNE DELANY.

Forest House.

IT is hardly just, my dear Lady Anne, to make you participate all my uneasiness, when I have no joys to keep up the balance. I have been here three days; Mr. Welford did not accompany me as I expected; but on the morning we were to set off, suddenly recollected some very particular business, but insisted on my departure, saying he would join me

me in a few days. O, Lady Anne, I am full of a thousand fears, on account of my sister; Mr. Welford's calmness, after his violent passion, and sending me thus alone to the forest, bears to me an air of mystery, I know not how to develope.

The first night I arrived here, overcome with melancholy, and racked with different ideas, my uneasy thoughts led me to visit my parent's tomb. There, as fate still combated against me, I met Lord Ormond; I soon recovered my surprise; he, I fear, not so speedily; for even at our separation, at the church stile, he seemed violently agitated

agitated. I will go out no more, while I remain here, beyond the limits of our own grounds; short walks, books, music, and the company of Emma, will be sufficient entertainment—Write to me, then, my dear friend; your letters bear a kind of magic, and inspire some of the cheerfulness of their writer.—Farewell.

CLARA WELFORD.

CAPTAIN

CAPTAIN BUCKLEY

TO

CAPTAIN FREEMAN.

Norton.

Henceforward, Freeman, never
complain; I am paying off
the debt of years, and if I continue
in this scribbling humor, may de-
vote my life to the service of the
ladies, in the character of a novel
writer. — But a propos; here am I,
at a little village, within a quarter
of a mile of Sir Edward Conway's,
studying soft speeches and dying
airs :

airs : and, to compleat all, man, have seen the blooming Emmeline—The first conflict between duty and love is over; Emmeline has doubted, has trembled, yet has listened to the soothing tale ; and I have somewhere read, “ She who deliberates “ is lost,” and truly when it comes to deliberation, the difficulty is half over ; so you may expect, next news, to hear we are set off for Scotland ; but how blunderingly do I tell my story ; let me bring it into some form : first, then, we sent off the lovely, unsuspecting Clara ; I next decamped myself. By Heaven I was more inclined to pursue her than run after Emmeline—Was she like the rest of
her

her sex now, one might gain her good graces, by informing her of Welford's treachery, and a thousand little anecdotes that are in my possession; but I might as well take a lion by the beard, as attempt to tell the tale: I once said something about Welford, merely to try, though I was careful it was nothing she could turn to my disadvantage, and she gave me such a silent frown, that by Heavens, it caused an unaffected blush on my face.—But to proceed, I came here, attended by my trusty servant John, and the first evening, found no difficulty of conveying a letter to Emmeline, by her own maid, whom John (being unknown
in

in the family) inquired for; the purport of this epistle was, I had the temerity to entreat leave of Mrs. Welford to address her; offering to settle her whole fortune on herself: as also my own small one, (I might say mine was a small one, for faith, I do not know a less,) that Mrs. Welford had refused, and said she purposed her for Sir Edward: that thus unfortunately situated, I was going to the Indies, to attempt to conquer a hopeless passion, and entreated her to bid me personally farewell; or I would cease to drag a load of woes, by ending so miserable an existence. I mingled these lies, with a sufficient quantity of the pathos, to make it

pleasing

pleasing to a female ear—She wrote me back an answer that even Clara would have called prudent; I wrote again, in all the horrors of distraction; the alarmed, the gentle Emmeline, returned a note, in these words, “ I shall be in the walnut walk, at seven to-morrow morning.” She was true to her appointment; by Heaven! she is as innocent as an angel: she listened to the tale, but would not bear the most distant reflection on Clara—“ My sister,” said she, “ is the most amiable, the most deserving woman in the world; would I were able to act according to her dictates; I then might deserve her friendship;

“ friendship ; at present I blush to
 “ think how little I merit it.”

By ten thousand protestations, I
 gained the promise of another meet-
 ing ; this time I did not dare to
 mention a private marriage : but all
 in good time ; she has listened to the
 overture, and the rest will follow of
 course, or never again trust, for a
 judge of the sex,

VALENTINE BUCKLEY.

VOL. I.

LADY

LADY ANNE DELANY

TO
MRS. WELFORD.

Conway Place.

YOU will, no doubt, my amiable friend, wonder to find a letter from me, dated unexpectedly from this place; but I have taken the liberty of friendship, and visited Harriet without a formal invitation. Shall I tell you, I am delighted with your sister Emmeline, that she already rivals you in my esteem—How very unfit is she to meet with
the

the falsehood of mankind!—her heart is the seat of truth and innocence, and can form no idea of arts and wiles:—but set your heart at rest, Clara; I will answer for her safety while I am here. I will be her shadow, and may perhaps do with my gaiety what your gravity cannot effect. I told her yesterday she was in love; that I knew it by her want of spirits, (for she is really very melancholy,)—“Why should you suppose so,” said she, blushing—“O, I know it by infallible signs,” replied I:—“but take courage, child; it is not an incurable disorder: here stand I a living witness, though, *entre nous*,

“I intend to live, that *rara avis*,
 “a good-humoured old maid—a
 “*propos*, child; what do you think
 “of my features for an old maid?
 “—come, then, Emmeline, and
 “live with me, and adopt my
 “scheme, and we will set love at
 “defiance.” —“I do not know a
 “scheme I should more willingly
 “embrace,” said she; “for I don’t
 “think I ever shall marry.” —“O,
 “rare Emmeline, why, were we
 “good catholics, now, we might
 “get a place among the faints,
 “that is, if we left our fortunes
 “to some convent:—two such
 “beautiful virgins to lead a life of
 “celibacy!”

I am just called to dinner, so must quit writing until bed-time, when I faithfully promise to give you one hour.

12 o'Clock.

I promised you an hour; I keep my word.—Emmeline has been uncommonly thoughtful—We have been walking——She would have excused herself, but the apology was not admitted. I held her arm; I tried to laugh her into spirits, but in vain—A gentleman on horseback, unattended, passed us; Emmeline coloured scarlet; her arm dropped from mine, and I absolutely thought she would have fainted. Sir Ed-

ward, who I am sure loves her with the utmost tenderness, flew to her assistance, and by the help of his arm we walked homewards—I rallied Emmeline on her confusion, when we were alone. “ Do you “ know the gentleman that passed “ us this evening ? ” said I—She evaded my question.—“ He is a “ handsome fellow,” said I, “ and “ has a military air—Tell me honestly, Emmeline, is this one of “ your swains ? ” — “ Spare me, “ dear Lady Anne,” returned she, scarcely refraining tears, “ how “ can you suppose a lover of mine “ should be here ? ” — I was sensibly touched, but determined, if possible, to

to be satisfied—"On recollection,
 " my dear girl, I beg your pardon;
 " your indisposition first put it in
 " my head:—but were he a lover
 " worthy of you, he would seek
 " you openly and honorably; for
 " I am sure you are too prudent to
 " have any concealments in an
 " affair of such consequence."——

She could bear no more, but burst
 into tears, and left the room.

Now, my dear Clara, I have a
 strange suspicion that this is Captain
 Buckley. But do not be uneasy;
 I will attend to Emmeline with the
 attention of a sister—Sir Edward
 gives a masquerade next Monday,

to all the nobility round, that chuse to favor him with their company— You need be under no apprehensions on Lord Ormond's account, as he is coming here. Expect no letter till after the masquerade ; and then, by the way, I must write a long one to Lady Ferrere. Adieu.

ANNE DELANY.

MR.

MR. WELFORD.

TO

CAPTAIN BUCKLEY.

Harley Street,

WELL, Val., what success;
methinks you are a tedious
time; I expected you would have
been half way to Scotland by this;
if you do not make haste the affair
may get blown, and then, if my
romantic wife gets hold of it, our
fine scheme will be scattered to the
winds. I wonder what the devil
I had

I had to do with such a sentimental gipsy ! but her fortune was necessary : I, at my marriage, was as much involved as at this present moment. — Old Gower, however, never found it out till after the wedding : so, then, for the sake of his daughter, he came down five thousand more. Your affair over, Val., I intend to be an excellent, attentive husband — Clara has four hundred a year that I cannot touch ; settlements only make women faucy ; I will coax it from her, and let her, like a good wife, come to her husband for money. — A propos ; I believe you never knew how I came
first

first to address her—My father and old Gower were inseparable friends; my good genius sent Don Welford a severe attack of the gout: various remedies were tried in vain; at length the old gentleman went to Spa, and there made his exit; and I begun the world, a smart fellow, with clear two thousand a year.—I staid two years in France, during which, I plaguely hampered my estate; I then returned to England, where I compleated the business; for I had not five hundred a year that I could call my own—Thus situated, I was one night at White's, when a buck present gave Clara

Gower

Gower for a toast—I asked if it was the daughter of Clement Gower? “Yes,” answered the toast giver, “she is; and the most charming woman in England; and will have a pretty fortune.”—The hint was enough; I visited Gower the next morning; he was in town alone; the next day he took me to the forest; the same evening I begged his leave to address his daughter; he consented; but I knew not whether I should ever have succeeded, had not the old man’s obstinacy (in pique to the late Lord Ormond,) forced her—But why do I bore myself and you with such matrimonial

nial nonsense? Let your next tell me you are either off, or on the point of starting.—Farewell: success attend you, says

CHARLES WELFORD.

CAPTAIN

CAPTAIN BUCKLEY

TO

MR. WELFORD.

Norton.

SING the song of victory,
Charles; Emmeline and my-
myself shall, to-morrow night, be
on the road to Scotland. Sir Ed-
ward gives a masquerade, and it will
be the finest opportunity in the world
—O, what a number of prejudices
have I had to combat; and now, I
sincerely believe, a straw would turn
the

the balance. I will have her drawn as Niobe, for she is perpetually weeping: I accidentally passed her and a number of others, as they were walking some evenings since; I was on horseback; and the little fool absolutely started as if she had trod on a viper. I am obliged to quit the village to-day, and go to Oxford, as I really have not money enough for my journey: besides, I want a black domino; the money I can have from a Jew that has often served me, and is now there. I shall stay all night at Oxford, so shall not see Emmeline until the masquerade; she is to be dressed as

“ Rosina,”

“Rosina,” so I can make no mistake. Adieu.

VALENTINE BUCKLEY.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.